"WHEN Joe Peterman and Polly May get married," was a standing jest in Pineville.

Joe and Polly lived on adjoining five-acre lots, with only a fence between them. It was not a very high fence nor a strong one either, for it was almost rotted down in many places.

It was said that years ago Joe and Polly had been sweethearts, but that they had quarreled about some trifling matter, and that they had not spoken to each other since that day.

Jonessy had just been elected justice of Pineville, and was looking around to see where the fees of the office were to come from.

As there was nothing for him to do in the office, he thought that it was his duty to go outside of it and hunt up something. In debating the question with himself as to what would be most likely to bring him in a fee, his mind, of course, turned to marriages.

"When Joe Peterman and Polly May get married," he repeated to himself, smiling. "Well, it is a duty I owe to this community to end that quarrel of theirs the first thing, and it is a duty I owe to myself to see that they get married as soon afterward as possible."

So Jonessy took a walk out to Joe Peterman's place, and found the latter at home.

"Joe," he said, after some talk on subjects in general. "Joe, I came out to see you on official business."

Joe's eyes flew wide open.

"I haven't been doing anything wrong, have I?" he asked, with trembling voice.

The truth was that Joe had thrown a brickbat at Polly's cat the night before, and without really intending to do so, had hit her and knocked her out of his favorite peach tree, and had felt rather mean about it ever since.

"Well, I don't know," Jonessy replied, cautiously, for he could see that Joe had something on his mind, and thought to draw him out. "You see, Joe, the right and the wrong generally depends on the circumstances attending the case."

"That's what I reckoned," said Joe. "You see I saw her coming through the fence, and tried to make her go back."

"And she wouldn't go?"

"No."

"What did you do next?"

"Soon as I spoke she ran up that peach tree, and went to clawing and scratching the bark."

"She did, eh?"

"She did. Then I got mad, like a fool," said Joe, hanging his head. "I picked up a brickbat and threw it at her, and down she came, kicking her legs like drumsticks."

"Didn't she say anything?" asked Jonessy.

"Who?"

"Why, Polly May, of course."

"You didn't think that it was Polly I treated that way, did you?" asked Joe.

"No, hardly. But who was it?"

"It was Polly's cat, Jonessy. I thought that perhaps Polly had seen it, and gone to you and entered a complaint against me."

"No, she hasn't done it yet, Joe, but there is no telling how soon she may do so," said Jonessy. Then he added, confidentially, "If I were you I'd go over and see her and settle the whole thing out of court."

After Jonessy left him Joe stood and scratched his head for some time. The whole thing was a puzzle to him. Had Jonessy known more than he pretended? If so, had Polly told him? And if Polly had, was it at her suggestion that Jonessy had come and told him to go and see her?

"It is ten years since we spoke," he mused, with a sad smile, while a mocking bird was singing blithely in a tree close by.

Then suddenly he burst out laughing. "The idea of Polly climbing a tree," he cried. "And me throwing brickbats at her, and she falling—ha-ha-ha!"

But Jonessy walked homeward in quite a different mood. Somehow he felt that his mission had been rather a failure. Still, every once in awhile, a gleam of hope darted upward and he thought that he could see a fee of office afar off.

As he walked along, musing and dreaming he found himself suddenly face to face with a woman carrying a huge basket on her arm.

"How do you do, Judge?" she cried, cheerily, letting her basket down to the ground. "I was real glad to hear that you was elected."

"Thank you, Polly. I was just thinking about you when you bobbed up," said Jonessy. "Have just been over to see your neighbor, Joe Peterman, and was on my way home with my thoughts full of both of you."

Polly frowned.

"Joe isn't going to have me to court, is he?" she asked.

"Can't say, Polly. I reckon that depends as much on you as on him."

"Well, he had no business coming in through the window like he did," Polly cried. "It served him only right that the window fell down on him like it did and caught him by the leg. Of course, when I grabbed him by the throat to keep him from squalling, and he cut me on the wrist. I was mad enough to kill him. But I kept my temper, and I didn't hurt him any more than I could help," she protested.

"But Joe didn't——" Jonessy began.

"Of course Joe didn't. Joe never would listen to reason," cried Polly.

"But, Polly, Joe——" Jonessy began again.

"That's all right, Jim Jonessy; you have Joe's side of the story, and I am going to tell mine," cried Polly. "After I got him loose I bothered with him all day, and doctored him, and that night, after dark, I carried him in my arms to the fence and set him down on the other side."

"Goodness, Polly, you don't mean to tell me that you carried him in your arms?" Jonessy exclaimed.

"Well, I just did, and I'll swear to it before Joe or anybody."

"I wouldn't do it if I was you," said Jonessy, earnestly. "Why, there isn't a soul in Pineville would believe you could do it."

"Could do what?"

"Why, carry Joe Peterman in your arms, of course."

"Jim Jonessy, you are a fool!" she cried, very red in the face. "It is Joe's old Dominick rooster I have been talking about."

"Why, yes, of course," stammered Jonessy, in confusion, trying to smile. "I was just teasing you, Polly, knowing that you and Joe were such old friends."

"But did Joe say he was going to take me to court?" she asked.

"Not exactly, but I advised him to go and talk the matter over with you. Say, Polly, you two ought to make up. You take my advice," said Jonessy.

Then Jonessy went one way and Polly went the other, each one busy with many thoughts.

That evening Mrs. Jonessy asked her husband how many fees the new office had brought him.

"This is the first day, you know," he smiled faintly. "I have just been setting the wheels in motion to-day, and the fees will come in after awhile."

"Yes; when Joe Peterman and Polly May get married," she said, laughing.

Jonessy had accomplished something that day. He had set Joe and Polly thinking about each other. Joe's long, lantern-jawed face, usually sober and solemn, had relaxed into smiles several times, and once he had actually caught himself humming an old song that had lain forgotten for years within him. On the other hand, Polly's round and rosy face, that was supposed to wear a smile even in sleep, was very thoughtful and sad. And while bending above the steam from the fragrant teapot, at the supper table, her eyes seemed filled with unshed tears.

"Poor Joe," she sighed, as she sat down to her lonely meal. "I thought sure that he would get over it and marry some one else, but it seems that he doesn't care any more than I do for anybody, and both of us just persist in being wrong, when only a word from either of us would make things so different."

Just then a cat came in at the open door, and when Polly saw that it limped slightly on one leg she sprang up from the table and caught it in her arms.

"Poor Kitty," she murmured. "I wonder who hurt you? You can't tell, can you?"

"I can," said a manly voice in the doorway, and a moment later Joe entered the room. "Jonessy told me today that you intended to sue me for throwing a brickbat at your cat," he said.

Polly eyed her visitor closely for a moment, and seeing that his eyes were upon her supper table instead of upon herself, the hard lines that had come around her lips relaxed into a smile.

"Come in, Joe," she said, gently. "Will you take a cup of tea with me?"

"Then you ain't mad because I crippled your cat?"

"Joe," she cried, trying to look severe, "will you take a cup of tea with me?"

"Yes. You ain't mad, Polly?"

Polly did not reply, but busied herself refilling the teapot, and making room for him at the table.

When Joe was seated at the table Polly sat down opposite to him and watched him in silence for several minutes.

"So Jim Jonessy has been telling you that I was about to take you to court for crippling my cat, has he?" she said at last. "I met him when he came from your house, and he hinted that you might have me prosecuted because your old Dominick rooster came over here and got himself crippled the other day."

"I never said no such thing, Polly," cried Joe.

"Nor did I," said Polly.

"I never mentioned rooster to him."

"And I never said cat."

"I wonder how he found out?" cried Joe.

"I guess our consciences gave it away. When I think of it now, he never said rooster to me until I had told him all about it myself," said Polly, smiling.

"I remember now, that it was the same with me and the cat," said Joe. "I know I wanted to tell you how sorry I was, and it was all I could think of when Jonessy came to see me."

"I am sorry, too, Joe," said Polly, "and I hope you won't think that I done it on purpose."

Somehow the summer dusk gathered around them, and neither seemed to notice it, as they talked on and on across the table between them. After awhile, however, Polly rose and went to the open door, where Joe followed her.

"Say, Polly," he said, taking her unresisting hand, "I have been sorry for everything all these years; won't you say that you forgive me?"

Polly looked up into his face.

"I have been sorry, too, Joe. Oh! so sorry."

Just then Polly's cat, purring softly, rubbed herself against Joe's leg, and at the same moment old Dominick crowed lustily on his own side of the fence.

Now, in Pineville, a good many things are dated from the time "when Joe Peterman and Polly May got married."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"I CAN," SAID A MANLY VOICE IN THE DOORWAY.

A THRIFTY INDIAN GIRL.

Marrying Her Was a Most Excellent Investment.

In 1892 the "Seger" school was built in Oklahoma Teritory, among a colony of Cheyennes and Arapahoes, considered among the wildest, most backward and nonprogressive of all Indians, says the Omaha Bee. Fortunately the superintendent of the new school, Mrs. John Seger, had already gained their confidence in another capacity, so that when they were asked to put their children in school they said that they would, as soon as they were weaned. And they carried this out literally.

One of the girl pupils, who entered the school when it was opened, has had quite a remarkable record. Having no previous education and leaving her really savage home for the first time, she has demonstrated what education is doing and will do for the red man. There is a system in nearly all the government Indian schools by which those pupils who are both industrious and frugal may earn money in the sewing room, on the farm or in some one of the school's other industrial departments. Of course, this must be outside of their regular work. This young girl, after taking a regular course as a scholar, was judged capable of filling a salaried position. In the course of a short time she filled not one but several, and worked in the sewing-room besides. Out of her savings she bought a wagon, harness, team, organ, bedroom set and a sewing machine, all in view of her prospective marriage to a young Indian to whom she was engaged, and when they were married she took enough savings with her to build a neat home. All this was accomplished in three years' time.

Bear that Saves Life.

Residents of Apalachin, N. Y., had a bad scare recently, when the 4-year-old child of Henry Rathburn started out alone to look for trailing arbutus. It was half an hour before she was missed, relates the New York Press, and then all trace of the little one was lost. Her distracted father and his neighbors joined in the search.

While passing through a ravine they were startled to see an uncouth object shambling toward them some distance up the road, carrying a bundle in its mouth. Closer inspection proved to the terrified searchers that the object was a bear and the bundle a child. It is many years since a bear was seen in this section, but the men, though unarmed, prepared to give battle, one of their number going back for help. But the bear trotted toward them as though totally unconcerned, and when a few yards away carefully laid down the child it was carrying by its dress.

When the men approached and took up the little one the bear did not show fight, and a closer investigation proved he had a ring in his nose. Later it was found the bear belonged to an Italian who was camping in a nearby barn, making a tour of the country. He had purchased the animal when a cub and reared him in a New York tenement, where he was allowed to play with the children, and it was there he had learned the trick of carrying the little ones.

Composing Music.

Sir Arthur Sullivan discourses interestingly to an interviewer about his methods of work. It appears that there is a vast deal of drudgery and manual labor in the work of musical composition which cannot be avoided or delegated to another—much more than in the case of literary composition. But the two are alike in this, says Sir Arthur, that it is as vain in the one as in the other to "wait for an inspiration." This seems to him very like "a miner seated on the top of a shaft and waiting for the coal to come bubbling up."—New York Evening Post.

Between the farmer and Uncle Sam, any man who doesn't get a job at marching or following a farm horse in a field, should be married off to some New Woman who will support him.

The Spanish authorities in the Balearic Islands have extinguished, until further orders, all the coast lights there.

A Difference.

Effie—Uncle John, are you an authority upon the language of flowers?

Uncle John—What do you mean—the language employed by the woman who receives them or by the poor devil who has to pay the bill?—Boston Transcript.

Rejected With Thanks.

Strong Minded Woman (pointing to article in paper)—Sir, did you write that?

Terror Stricken Editor—Y-y-yes, madam. I—I wrote it.

Strong Minded Woman—It meets my approval exactly. It is seldom one meets a person of your sex capable of such just discrimination. Will you marry me, sir?—Chicago Tribune.

Patriotic Hancock.

During the siege of Boston General Washington consulted congress upon the propriety of bombarding the town of Boston. Mr. Hancock was then president of congress. After General Washington's letter was read a solemn silence ensued. This was broken by a member making a motion that the house should resolve itself into a committee of the whole in order that Mr. Hancock might give his opinion upon the important subject, as he was deeply interested from having all his estate in Boston. After he left the chair he addressed the chairman of the committee of the whole in the following words, "It is true, sir, nearly all the property I have in the world is in houses and other real estate in the town of Boston, but if the expulsion of the British army from it and the liberties of our country require their being burned to ashes issue the order for that purpose immediately."

Magnetizing a Soap Bubble.

Oxygen is a million times less "attractable" or "susceptible" than iron, and therefore experiments to show its attractability have to be extremely delicate. It was with one of them that Professor Fleming concluded his lecture. He took a soap bubble—soap and water, by the way, being diamagnetic—and filling it with air placed it in the field of a very strong electro magnet. The bubble did not quiver. Then he filled another bubble with oxygen, and again turned on the current. Instantaneously the bubble inclined itself toward the magnet. It bobbed back again when the current was turned off, but at a second attempt, when again the current was turned on, the attraction so unsettled it that it burst.—London Graphic.